HAMILTON COLLEGE LIBRARY

Hamilton Collection
HQ
H19
v.3 no.9

HAMILTON NEWS

NOVEMBER 14, 1945

HAMILTON'S NEW PRESIDENT

HIGHLIGHTS of HAMILTON

HAMILTONEWS

VOL III No. 9 ACTIVITIES November 14, 1945

S. C. M. CONFERENCE

byline George Waldo

During the past weekend, Hamilton was host to a Student Christian Movement Conference. Twenty-eight girls and eight boys attended, the girls staying in the usually unoccupied half of Carnegie Dormitory and the boys in spare beds in South and Carnegie. The delegates arrived late Friday afternoon, registered at Commons and ate dinner. In the evening they held their first group meeting. The second group meeting was held Saturday morning (for which Hamilton's delegates, Boyd Murdock and Doug Parrott, were excused from classes). The other sessions were held Saturday afternoon and Sunday morning before Chapel.

The purpose of the Student Christian Movement is to help the religious organizations on the various campuses plan their work better and to generally assist in such matters. One function, for example, is to go around to high schools and conduct discussions about college life. This not only interests more people in going to college, but it gives the high school students an idea of what campus life is like and what to expect and what not to expect from college. At present, Hamilton has no such organization among the students, but plans are being made to crereate it as soon as possible.

Saturday evening, the delegates had an informal party in Commons, to which the student body was invited. They played ping-pong, sang some songs, and danced to records with a barn dance in the bargain. The party broke up about a quarter of twelve, as the girls were supposed to be in the suites by midnight. Those who attended the dance were on time, but a vew had dates with Hamiltonians in Utica and missed the last bus back. They found notes in their rooms signed by the advisors: "Please come down and see me when you get in".

During the business meetings, the delegates (and the same dog that attended Chapel so faithfully) decided that the winter conference would be held at Keuka College, the spring conference at Albany State Teachers' College, and the summer conference at Silver Bay on Lake George. The financial relationship with the YWCA was discussed and the motion was made for a commission to discuss and redefine the philosophy of education.

In general, the delegates were quite favourably impressed with Hamilton. The Hamiltonians did not shun the girls by any means, of course, but even the boys from other colleges said that the students here were especially friendly. Everyone liked the hill-top location and the general look of the campus. Several people commented on the general modernity of the appearance of the buildings. (They tactfully overlooked Silliman Hall!) They seemed to think that we have quite a lot of space in the dormitories.----We should have shown them the three-by-six closet that two of us use! Lately we Hamiltonians have been complaining about the food and trying to get it improved. The delegates thought that what they got during the weekend was good. None complained about it. That improvement lately is for the best. The waiters' service, too, got bouquets instead of the customary brickbats.

What really impressed and shocked the delegates, though, was the relationship that exists here between the faculty and the students. The cordiality seemed amazing to many delegates who took it for granted that the normal relationship is for the two groups to be divided into hostile camps. They were astounded, too, that we should refer to our professors behind their backs sometimes by their first names, not to speak of calling them "Smiling George" or "Swampy". The delegates found little room here for a parallel to the joke current in Hornell, "If you can't go to college, go to Alfred".

A few faux pas occurred, as always happens when boys not used to having girls around are suddenly visited by a number of them. Probably the most noteworthy of these was the loud exclamation at ping-pong Saturday evening by a member of the faculty when he missed a tip shot. The conference was a success, having completed plans for the coming year and having been well received by Hamilton, for one of the surprise successes was the dignified but unexpected whistle at a group of girls by the head of one of the departments.

PUSHING BACK THE FRONTIER

byline - Thomas Maccabe

Last Firday, November 9th, a momentous event took place. It was man's most recent victory in his war of conquest against the forces of darkness, ignorance, and backwardness. It was the pushing back of the old frontier, the addition of a new area into the civilized world, the destruction of old, outmoded standards, and their replacement by the new patterns of thought of 1945.

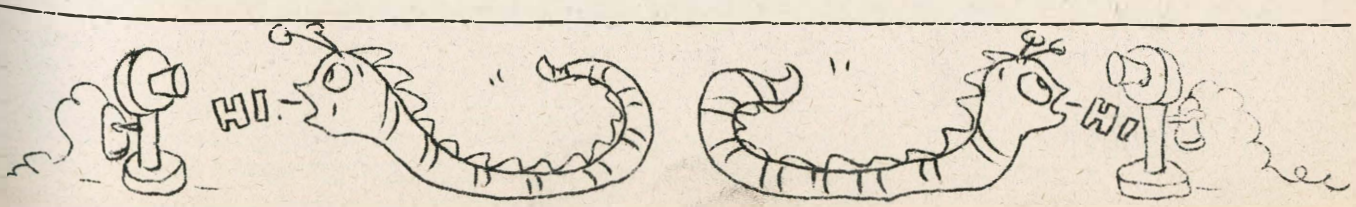
First, let us look briefly at the background. All the principle events take place in the reopened Carnegie Dormitory. At the beginning of the semester, a partially completed, but unpainted telephone booth was brought into the Dorm. Speculation then ran rampant. One school of thought - we may call them the extreme liberal group - which consisted largely of the younger, more idealistic men, declared unswervingly that a phone was on the way, that in a year or at most two years the Telephone Company would send around this magnificent invention which would make Carnggie Dorm into an industrialized center of civilization, which would end the era of Carnegie's pioneer develoment when it was dependent on distant South Dorm for its communication with the outside world. But on the other side, the reactionary group, which had had more experience with such matters and had consequently become more cynical, proclaimed that while they hoped for independence and civilization they did not believe that any man now living would see that day. "Perhaps our grandchildren", commented one conservative leader who declined to have his identity revealed, "but not us".

Then after a lapse of two tension filled weeks, two figures appeared. These men quietly but surely painted the booth and then attached a door. The Liberals raised a cry of "This is it", but the Conservatives only shook their heads and said, "We hope so, but the situation is still pretty bad". The Liberals admitted this, but said that things couldn't get any worse, so maybe they'd get better.

Things rocked along for almos three weeks without any new developments, and almost all the Carnegians, regardless of faction, became reconciled to the worst. Suddenly, last Friday, the sky broke with a shattering concussion. The word was flashed from one man to another...THE TELEPHONE CREW IS HERE...THE TELEPHONE CREW IS HERE. South Dorm's spys sent hurried communications to Prime Minister Westlye that there was great danger of Carnegie becoming an independent center of trade. But the forces of South could do nothing. The telephone crew was already at work, and it would be only a few minutes before civilization and law would be established at Carnegie Dorm.

At exactly 5:29 Friday afternoon, the shouting and tumult having died away, your correspondent approached the new shining telephone. Gingerly, a nickle was inserted, and in a moment, like the explosion of an atom bomb, a telephone operator's voice from miles away asked what number was desired. We mumbled the number of South Dorm and within a few minutes a voice - later identified as belonging to Bob Hale - replied from the other end. No one remembers just what words were said at that historic moment, but the words were not very mmportant. What was important, in fact unforgettable, was that Cargegie Dorm had its own means of communication; the days of Red Burns' pony express which took an average of four hours to relay a message from South Dorm were over. Civilization had come to the wilderness.

Now that it's all over, now that we can all look at the great event with a more objective eye, I'm not sure that there won't be many pleasant memories of those old pioneer days. And in years to come, as we gather around our firesides, more than a few tears may be shed in tribute to that old uncivilized age.



CAZENOVIA PANS OUT

by Fred Kuhner

Dick Carmer's "Cazenovia Deal" paid off pretty well for most of us who went last Saturday night. We left from in front of Commons at seven P. M., and serenaded the bus driver all of the way with The Night That I Drank All Those Twenty-One Beers, and various other classical airs. When the hour and a half ride came to an end in front of Cazenovia, we climaxed our glee club singing by giving out with a boisterous chorus of Gather Close Ye Boys and Men for the benefit of those within.

The dance was from nine until one, and it is surprising how much can be crowded into four hours. Bill Donnelly almost proposed, and probably would have if the dance had lasted an hour longer. Several fellows settled their problems of dates for the coming houseparty, and Cazenovia will be well represented here on that weekend.

The bus stalled twice on the return trip, and at times it looked as if we would spend the rest of the night parked by the roadside. However, Fred Kellogg succeeded in starting the motor after the repeated attempts of the driver had failed. The remainder of the trip was made in peace and quiet accompanied only by occasional snores from sleeping Hamiltonians, and the contented look on Donnelly's face as he dreamt of an evening well spent.

ROVING RIFF

byline-Jack Riffle

It has been suggested several time that a roving reported might be able to dig up up some interesting news and views for the Hamiltonews,and it is because of these suggestions that we have decided to have a "Man on the Street" column. All that we ask from you, our readers, is that if and when you are approached by a representative from our staff you give him your wholehearted cooperation. Humor, for example, has its place in almost everything, but if we reach a point where your humorous comments outnumber your constructive answers to our questions, we cannot hope to gain anything from the column. We hope that in the course of time each of you will be asked to make a statement for the News - so how about giving us a break?

For the first problem in this series, we have chosen one which we think is of paramount importance to Hamilton students. Here it is; the question of the week!

"What do you think should be done about the food situation here at Hamilton?"

(1) Bob Kastensmith - "Shoot the cook!!"

(2) Ralph Shulansky - "I believe that the Student Council should meet with those persons responsible for purchasing and preparing our food, and thoroughly probe the entire matter".

(3) Jack Bartlett - "My opinion is very simple - improve it".

(4) Tony Kuolt - "A simple solution would be to spend the money taken for food on food and not on janitor service for Buttrick Hall".

(5) John Schorge - "Maybe a food strike is the answer?"

Your reported feels that all these opinions are worthy of consideration

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

The letters which are printed in this column do not express the opinions or the policies of Hamiltonews or of its staff. They are printed as the individual opinions of those who write them.

To the Editor:

The "gem of intellectuality", bearing the signature of Ken Moore, which appeared in last weeks issue of Hamiltonews was a perfect example of an answer based entirely upon superficial knowledge of the question involved. Knowing Ken, as I do, I feel

continued on page 5

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR CONTINUED

certain that he is sincere in his criticism and is not merely voicing his own individual resentment.

I feel that his greatest mistake lies in his assumption that the veterans want to forget all of their experiences in this recently concluded war. Is this actually so? How many of them never have the desire to talk about their buddies; that pass in Paris; the cute blonde in Algiers; their first solo, or that "blow-out" they had here, there and all over the globe.

Personally I was a good old fashioned "dough", a gravel agitator, or "shanks-mare - get there" infantryman, and I'll argue with any other branch of the service over who won the war (excepting, of course, the WAC or ANS) but I still get a big thrill out of listening to some of the men on the "Hill" and I'm not a damn bit backward about plugging for my own First Division whenever I can get a word in.

Battle field, or drill field, there is plenty that I do not want to forget and I am certain that most veterans feel very much as I do unless that have joined the psycho rnaks. Just give a vet of World War I an opening and watch him take off about his outfit and his memories.

Ken, one of the few things a fellow gets out of a war is battle experiences, a little more material for conversation, and something to think about. Take that away and it was just a waste of time and effort. Of course, there is the theoretical answer to that... satisfaction in a job well done.. believe me... no matter how thin you slice that one, its still bologna.

Forget that stuff about psychology for the returning veteran. A glass of beer, a little female companionship and an occasional bull session will do more for a man than all those fancy ideas about readjustment and reconversion for the returning "boys".

Ellery

****

To Whom It May Concern: Friday, November 9, 1945

They say that bread is the staff of life. All I can say is that I hope that statement is correct; for certainly bread was the only thing on the table, at the noon meal of November 9th, that was halfway edible. This, as you have undoubtedly realized, is a letter of protest against the meals served at Hamilton. During the two years I was in the army and during the nineteen years prior to that time it is my sincere belief that I have never had placed before me a meal as formidable as the one mentioned above. I know that all Hamilton meals are not of the same low standard, but few will disagree when I say that the difference is not enough.

I do not know the method of cooking used in the kitchen; I do not know the ingredients at the cooks disposal, nor the time allowed for the preparation of our meals. I do know that there must be a reason for the food that is placed before us being as it is. I do know that something should be done about it, -- immediately!

This is my personal opinion; but from the statements I have heard from various Hamiltonians, the opinion is also that of the vast majority. If that is true, my name is not important; however, because some people may think this letter remains unsigned for other reasons, I will give my name to the editor from whom a person may obtain it if he so wishes.

A Student

****

To the Editor, Hamilteneys: November 7, 1945

I think that the wisest thing that Mr. Schulz said in his last editorial was that he didn't call the spades very black---in fact, he had them tinted with rose and gilt compared with what they should have been.

However, that is beside the point. As long as we are looking through the cards, let's take a look at the joker, the politician who buys the food. Why is the quality of our meat so poor that we are inspired to turn in shoe ration stamps or tire certificates in lieu of red points? We are paying enough money to have three excellent meals every day, seven days a week. Let's use a little politics in the buying of our food. I say that as cooks the Carmens may or may not be all right, but they havn't

continued on page 7

-SPORTS-

Just the other day I got my first chance to get an eye-full of Coach Weber's current crop of hoopsters, and I8m happy to report that the Hill can be assured of representation in the cage sport this winter.

The football season, which started so optimistically with 33 candidates came to an abrupt and disappointing end. So it was with some measure of doubt that I trotted over to the gym to view the basketball aspirants.

It was fairly common knowledge that we had two or three experienced men to serve as a neucleus for this hear's squad, but I was in no way prepared for the potentialities that I glimpsed the other afternoon.

Eighteen earnest basketeers were warming up out on the floor. I arrived just as the coach called the boys together to explain the afternoon's drill. He outlined several practical practice formations designed to sharpen up passing, pivoting, and dribbling proficiency.

Soon the gym floor was covered with whirling forms, as the boys whipped through a series of the above-mentioned maneuvers. It was pleasant to note the agility displayed by several heretofore lightly regarded men.

"Falc" Connolly, unusually fast and limber for a man of his size, showed much fl floor sense, plus smooth ball-handling and a remarkable good eye for so early in the season; he must loom large in Coach Weber's plans. Others catching my eye were Tony Knolt and Torrey Dodson, both of whom possess skill and experience.

The thoroughness of the practise session and the exactness displayed by coach and players alike greatly impressed this observer.

Perhaps Hamilton will recover some of its lapsed prestige this winter, and we will again hear the Chapel bell toll Buff-and-Blue victories.

Bob Pigott, '49

EDITORIAL

A LESSON IN APPRECIATION by Ralph Shulansky

Most of us students here on the hill have come to the conclusion that Hamilton College is a darned swell place. Those of us who have not yet arrived at this conclusion might have been considerably swayed had they heard the comments of our recent visitors, the members of the Student Christian Movement. In my opinion, the recent guests of ours were very well qualified to pass opinions upon colleges, for they were all college students themselves.

It was surprising that the delegates were so extremely delighted with our college, for Mother Nature did her very best to transform Hamilton into a mudhole. It is a recognized fact that when femininity arrives in quantity on the campus, rain does likewise. Despite the rain, however, the visitors commended everything from the food, (which improved perceptibly for two days), to the advanced technique of the Hamilton undergraduates (which remained at its usual hgih standard). The SCM members were impressed by the "statliness" of the campus - by the stone buildings which make Hamilton seem "secure and unchanging". The delegates wondered whether the absolute, peaceful stillness of the campus at night meant that we were all studying or all in Utica. They were assured that we were studying. The female delegates all declared that someday they were going to send their sons to Hamilton, a fact which ought to keep the Admissions Committee happy. The few male delegates were impressed by our athletic facilities, the like of which few of them had ever seen.

I think that we undergraduates should be greatly ashamed of ourselves when weekend visitors from other colleges envy us things which most of us have taken for granted since we've been here. From now on we ought to think twice before griping about anything, and learn to appreciate the many advantages which we are given here at Hamilton.

****

News Bureau (JS)
General Electric Co.
Schenectady 5, N. Y.

Released Sunday October 21, 1945

ENERGY CHANGED TO MATTER WITH RAYS FROM GENERAL ELECTRIC'S NEW ATOM SMASHER

SCHENECTADY, -- Creation of matter from energy -- reverse of the process that occurs in the atomic bomb and that keeps the sun and stars shining -- can be accomplished with radiation from General Electric's new atom smasher. This device which is called a betatron and operates at energy of 100,000,000 volts, was shown to a group of science writers and editors who visited the General Electric Research Laboratory this past week.

Formerly thought separate entities, matter and energy are now known to be equivalent. Theoretically at least, as Einstein showed in his relativity theory, one may be changed to the other. In producing atomic energy the conversion from matter to energy is utilized. The reverse has been observed over a number of years in connection with studies of the cosmic rays and also of the rays from radium and similar radioactive elements. Since a small amount of matter corresponds to an enormous energy, very minute amounts of matter can be secured, even with the expenditure of huge quantities of energy.

This reverse process is called "pair formation". When high intensity X rays pass close to the nucleus of an atom the ray, or photon, by some process not yet understood may cease to exist. Instead there is created a new electron and a positron, which is an electron with a positive instead of a negative charge. Very quickly the positron happens near some other electron; the positive and negative charges cancel and both disappear, producing radiation again. The new electron created in the pair has mass, like the positron, and it is therefore a unit of matter.

To produce a positron-electron pair, the X-ray photon must have energy of a little over a million volts. This would create a pair at rest. With higher voltages the pair has extra energy and higher velocity. Thus, the pairs formed with the 100,000,000 volt betatron are the most energetic ever produced by artificial radiation.

Creation of the pair is shown in a "cloud chamber," in which a thread-like line of fog marks the track of an electron or positron. A V-shaped track, caused by the two particles, is visible when the pair is formed.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR continued from page 5

even had the break of having something decent to make appetizing.

Let's call for a housecleaning around here, but don't stop in the kitchen. There is nothing I would rather do than greet Mr. Worcester with a plate of cold, dry, baked beans, well watered catsup, and woody carrots --- three days in a row.

"Hungry Bill"

PROSE AND POETRY

The purpose of this column is to provide an outlet for any creative writing done by students here on the Hill. Naturally it can't succeed (it can't even be printed!) unless poems, short stories, essays, etc., are submitted. This is the one page in HAMILTONEWS which relies upon contributions from the student body as a whole.

So, if you have written anything in which we might be interested (and that's almost anything), let me have it; and if it has any merit at all it will be included in this column

The article which follows is a good example:

--- Frederick S. Kellogg

PRIMER ON FENCING
by Peter A. Ostroff

Any novice who desires to master the ancient and honorable art of fencing will have no difficulty doing so if he follows carefully this learned treatise on that art.

The fundamentals of this pastime are very confusing to the layman. To him the sport looks easy enough until he tries to participate in it. If I were to begin by explaining the elementary steps, though, I should surely bore the reader. Therefore, I shall illustrate a few "tricks of the trade", which may clarify the art for the beginner.

First of all, the foil is the most important part of your equipment. It has a flexible blade that can shoot rubber bands a great distance. The handle, or pommel (French pmmmel) of the sword is for the purpose of shattering your opponent's neckbone. The seive-like mask is used to keep your dental plate in, and flies out.

Thus for the basis equipment. Now for the various stances resulting in better attack and defense. The "en garde" position is best described as follows. Stand with your feet approximately 13 and 7-8 inches apart. Bend your knees. If they crack, so much the better, for the noise will undoubtedly confuse your foe. The arm which holds the weapon should be estended in the direction of your opponent, but may be quickly shifted to congront the referee on an erroneous decision. The other arm should be raised behind you, holding a rock or some other worthwhile bludgeon menacingly. Now you are ready to fence.

A person who is gifted with big feet is indeed lucky. My best mode of attack is to bring my foot down heavily upon that of my enemy, crushing his instep, and then keeping him glued to the spot while I get into a vantage position. I have also found it quite successful to make a horrible face (some people are endowed with that gift also) whenever I lunge, in order to unnerve the other fellow. I once opposed a young chap who became so terrified at my grimaces that he forthright conceded the match to me.

A stupid face is also advisable. When I was matched with a big fellow who did'nt scare easily, my face resumed its natural expression, and I soon had him rolling ove over the arena in spasms of hysterical laughter. In this pose he presented, you can see, an ample target.

The "ballustra" is a remarkable method of attack. This is performed by lithely leaping into the air, and, upon descending, suavely poking your elbow into your opponent's eye.

The parry is a method of attack or defense in which you deflect your opponent's blade. I find it more effective to sever his arm instead.

If, however, your Opponent is too good for you, then there is only one thing to do. As he comes bearing down upon you with eyes aflame and nostrils breathing forth fire; as his little feet come pitter-patter down the floor; as he brandishes his blazing sword hgih above his head;..... whip out your bugle,..... sound retreat,..... and run like h_____.

HAMILTONEWS STAFF

EDITORS J. Castleberry
Warren Schulz
Ralph Shulansky

BUS INESS MANAGER
Fred Kellogg

STAFF: Tom Maccabe
Fred Kuhner
Jack Riffle
Jack Elery
Red Burns
Jack Connolly
Sandy Lenkler
Brud Tarsches
Stu McKeldin
George Waldo
Peter A. Ostroff
Norman Haberman
Charles Durand
Jon Kauffman

HAMILTON COLD CUTS

Mr. Clark while explaining a mutation, said that it occurs very often in nature. Almost all things can and do undergo mutations. He added that no matter how far mutations are developed the sexes will always be different (Goody, Goody).

John Dapolito- a pre-med and also an amateur fisherman intends to hang his shingle out with the following written on it: Dr. John Dapolito, Physician and Sturgeon; he probably will do a large scale business.

This ain't Hamilton:

Mac Godfrey Boy! Is this food good!!!

Red Burns Hot Dog! There is the phone

Ken Westlye Who me? I'm not t the big gun around here!

Theme Song of the unlucky tables I wait on seems to be - I'ts been a long, long, time.

Mr. Rudd asked Fred Kellogg if he had written his theme all by himself -- To which Fred replied "Why yes sir" -- "Well I am very glad to meet you Mr. Tennyson- I was under the impression that you had been dead for some time".

Guess Who (The first person who guesses the character now described (excluding the staff and the character) will get a marvelous reward. Address your letters to "Cold Cuts".

He is a rather large fellow who has his roomates terrorized. Gaiety and ability at athletics are among his talents. He had many nicknames and responds to them all. You can find him asleep -- at every chance he gets. His best known name is also that of a bird of prey.

Pete Ostroff said that he was losing his punch, while he walked away from the dance hall at Cazenovia.

Call up the weather department barked Torrey Dodson into the phone when he answered it at Jean - his fiancees -house. Jean asked T.D. who it was - to which Torrey replied - "I don't know, some fellow wanting to know if the coast was clear."

S U B S C R I B E T O T H E S E V E N T H V I C T O R Y

B O N D D R I V E

CRANE DAIRY CO.

CLINTON, N. Y. PHONE 112M

W. J. WALSH

FUNERAL HOMES

AMBULANCE SERVICE

CHAS. C. KELLOGG & SON LUMBER CO.

CHARLES C. KELLOGG & SONS

Popular Hits Classical Selections

on your favorite records

SCHWENDERS

201 Columbia St. Utica, N. Y.

Under new management:

COLLEGE INN

WARREN WOODWARD, *Prop.*

FOUNTAIN SERVICE and SNACK BAR

ICE CREAM
HOT DOGS
HAMBERGERS
To Take Out

SMOKERS SUPPLIES NOVELTIES

Everything for the College Student

17 College St. Clinton

REMEMBER HER WITH
A DISTINCTIVE PORTRAIT

FINE ARTS STUDIO

Room 7, Maher Bldg. Opp. Hotel Utica

Phone 4-2550

Clinton Sweet Shop

RESTAURANT SODA FOUNTAIN
CANDY

Phone 520

PHOTO SUPPLIES

and

QUALITY PHOTO FINISHING

RYDER'S

Stanley Theatre Building

Utica, N. Y.

Owens Funeral Service

We offer a friendly, conscientious service

AMBULANCE CLINTON

PRINTING

PUBLICATIONS

BUSINESS and SOCIAL STATIONERY

THE CLINTON COURIER

Phone 122 Clinton, N. Y.

Hayes National Bank

CLINTON, NEW YORK

Member F. D. I. C.

KEMPF BROS.

248-250 Genesee St. Est 1880

FRANKIE'S

Restaurant & Bar

36-38 College St. Clinton, N. Y.

Take your friends to Frankie's where friendly service is a rule.

FOR A FINE SHAVE AND HAIRCUT
Go To____

George's Sanitary Barber Shop

NO WAITING
WE APPRECIATE YOUR PATRONAGE

Williams Oil Co., Inc.

Jobbers of

PETROLEUM PRODUCTS

Remsen New York

Radios Refrigerators Washers

Bitteker's Electric Co.

SALES — SERVICE

Complete Service on household equipment

20 College St. Clinton, N. Y.

Osborne & Osborne

Printing of Quality

70 College St. Clinton Phone 294

Botnick Motor Corp.

CHEVROLET

Sales and Service

Binghamton, New York

MODERN TAILOR

Daily Service

Use Yellow Card